

Edward L. Swazey, who fled from Kansas City four months ago after obtaining a large sum of money from banks throughout the country by the means of duplicate cattle mortgages, is being followed closely by detectives in South America.

Germany is rapidly becoming a nation of whisky drinkers, according to the report of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Wilson. More distilled spirits are expressed from this country to Germany than to any foreign country.

Warsaw newspapers report that the agents of the United States are buying sugar-beet seed in Poland. This seed will be given a trial at the agricultural station in the United States. Such seed has previously been obtained principally from France.

There are rumors at Colon that the British steamer Togoga has been seized by the Colombian government at Panama and sent, under an armed escort to Buenaventura, and that the British consul at Panama has asked for a war vessel.

The strike of the 700 employees of the Forest mine at Archbald, Pa., which has continued since last March, has been satisfactorily settled.

Siberian Prisons Abolished. Siberia is no longer to be a penal colony. The decree abolishing it is the result of the building of the Siberian railroad. Nothing can compare to the rapid settlement of the east plains, unless it be the rapid growth of that famous dyspepsia cure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Try it for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia or flatulency.

Prince Tuan has been arrested and stripped of power by order of the emperor and empress.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adams' Peppin Tonic Fruit.

A rich gold strike about 200 miles north of Valdez, Alaska, is reported.

Excellent help with its positive color secured by the use of PARKER'S Hair Dressing. HYPODERMIC, the best cure for eczema, ita.

The population of the state of New York is 7,398,012, as against 5,997,853 in 1890.

COME AND GO
In many forms
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Lumbago
Sciatica
make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of
St. Jacobs Oil
which is a certain sure cure.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Asa Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLON SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
GENTLEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE.
Price 10 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Non-Food.*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.
W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOES \$3.50
UNION MADE
The real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes is shown by the fact that they are the most popular shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3.50 and \$4.50 shoes than any other shoe manufacturer in the U. S.

WE MAKE FAST COLOR EYEGLASSES.
One pair of W. L. Douglas's eyes will positively outlast two pairs of ordinary eyes. \$3.50 a pair.
FACTORY, BROOKLYN, MASS.

BEST \$3.50 SHOE.
The reputation of W. L. Douglas shoes is shown by the fact that they are the most popular shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3.50 and \$4.50 shoes than any other shoe manufacturer in the U. S.

LOST ON THE VELDT

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. E. Mackenzie

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I remembered this was the day you spoke of riding over," said Dr. Adair. "You haven't heard?" He had not released her hand, and was holding it very closely now. "They say that the Boers are marching into Natal."

"Oh!" Bluebell faded a little cry, and the rosy color faded out of her face. "Is it war, then?"

"I suppose so," Rothes answered gravely. "It seems Kruger has as good as declared war by sending a message to England demanding that our troops should be immediately recalled from South Africa."

Bluebell sat very still on her horse, her hands clasped; Rothes had at last withdrawn his.

"Will they come to Ladysmith?" she whispered at last.

Rothes nodded. "That is what is expected. We shall be besieged. The inhabitants are beginning to fly already, and I expect in a few days Ladysmith will be deserted except by the garrison."

"And you, what will you do?" Bluebell asked. There was a little quiver in her voice, which seemed to send a swift thrill of mingled joy and pain to Rothes's very soul.

"I shall remain here, of course," he answered, trying to speak in his usual tone. "Unless there is fighting outside. If there is I shall go with the army."

Bluebell was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"You will be on our side, of course?"

"I will be with the British army," Rothes answered quietly. "But, thank heaven, a doctor's business is not to fight on any particular side, or to slay his brother, but to do what he can for those who are wounded and dying on either side. But you are going into the town, Miss Leslie? I must not keep you."

"I have messages," said Bluebell; "but I will not wait long, as I am going back alone."

"May I go a bit of the way with you?" Rothes asked eagerly. "I do not like the idea of your riding those twelve miles alone with the country in this unsettled state."

Her soft eyes told suddenly. Bluebell would hardly acknowledge to herself how her heart beat and her veins thrilled at the proposal.

"Thank you," she said the next moment. "It is kind of you. I shall leave the town about three, I think."

"Then I shall be here at that time," he answered. "Good-bye, then, now."

And he moved away.

Bluebell rode on into the town. The terrible tidings had shocked and horrified her, but she was not frightened. There was a little fear in Bluebell Leslie's nature, small and childish and fragile as she looked. And she was a woman; and the look in Adair Rothes's eyes, the close, warm clasp of his hand, occupied her thoughts almost more than this terrible picture of war.

She found Ladysmith in a state of confusion. Many of the shops were shut. But Bluebell managed to get her business done, and then went to see one of her acquaintances.

She found her busy preparing for departure.

"I suppose it's safer to go," said Mrs. Lloyd, a pretty little English woman, whose husband was an engineer. "Ted insists on my going; but I don't feel as if I could leave him here alone."

"You are going and Mr. Lloyd is remaining?" exclaimed Bluebell, with startled eyes, and then: "Oh, Nellie, how can you?"

"I would not, of course, if I had only myself to consider," said Mrs. Lloyd, the tears springing to her eyes. "But there is my poor little baby, Bluebell."

"What of that?" said Bluebell. "A wife's place is beside her husband, surely? Better you should both die together, if the worst comes, than that you should be separated. Nellie, how would you feel if anything happened to your husband and you so far away?"

Nellie burst into tears.

"Yes, you are quite right, Bluebell. I held out against Ted ever so long, and now that you speak like that, I feel that I have been very cowardly to give in to him. No, I won't go!"

Bluebell left her friend, whose mind was thoroughly made up, after a little, and the two friends kissed each other, with the feeling that they might never meet again on earth. Bluebell kept back her own tears, and answered the little woman as bravely as she could, but as she rode out of the town her path was all blurred by the blinding tears that came to her eyes now.

Doctor Rothes was waiting for her, mounted on a fine chestnut horse of his own, and together they rode on in silence until they were out of sight of the town.

"You saw one of your friends?" Rothes said at last.

"Yes, I saw Mrs. Lloyd. She is going to stay at Ladysmith even if it is besieged."

"Brave little woman!" said Rothes, a tone of emotion in his voice. "I always thought her rather a butterfly, and I beg her pardon mentally for that."

"In fact, you thought she and I were very much alike," said Bluebell, with a little tone of coquetry. "Confess now you think me that, too, don't you, Doctor Rothes?"

"I never thought you anything but—"

He was speaking with a sudden passion, but he suddenly checked himself and paused. "You know you are not justified in speaking like that,"

he said at last gravely. "Did I ever give you reason to do so?"

Bluebell laughed a little.

"Do you remember the ball at Maritzburg last spring, Doctor Rothes? Ah, you didn't approve of me at all then!"

He remembered it quite well. It was the first time he had met the Leslies, for he had been practicing in Maritzburg himself then. Bluebell's wild, childishly high spirits had carried her away that night, and she had flirted indiscriminately with all the officers then stationed at Maritzburg. Bluebell remembered it, too.

"Who is that grave-looking young man gazing so strangely at me?" she asked her partner, a gay young lieutenant. "Do you think he wants an introduction, or is he only trying to wither me with a glance of his eye?"

"The latter, I think," the lieutenant had answered, more truthfully than gallantly. "He's Doctor Rothes, and they say he is one of the awfully serious kind, you know. Takes life like a funeral, and believes one should go to church twice on Sundays. That kind of thing, don't you know?"

Rothes's sunburned face had deepened just a little in tint.

"It is too bad to bring back those old foolishnesses to one's memory," he said. "I did not know you then, Miss Leslie. I had not seen you since your home. I did not know you earned the love and devotion of the poor natives on your father's place. I did not know you taught them, as far as was possible, not the mere profession of Christianity, but its practice."

Bluebell bent a little over her horse's head.

"I am afraid I ought to teach myself that first, Doctor Rothes. Charity begins at home. But let us not speak of this. We can't be anything but friends, can we, with this terrible danger facing us? Surely it will draw all European people out here closer together, if anything could?"

"Yes," said Rothes quietly, "we can't be anything but friends."

Bluebell felt vaguely hurt at the cold words. "They rode on, the horses' necks quite close together, and Rothes talked of the coming ordeal. Bluebell felt somehow strangely disappointed."

The last time she had met Adair Rothes he had held her hand long, and looked into her eyes with a look that had made every vein in her body thrill; and now he was so cool and indifferent—a friend, as he had said, and nothing more.

It was not that Bluebell was in love with him. She told herself about a dozen times a day that she liked Adair Rothes very much, but could never imagine him as a lover; yet now, why this sinking of her heart?

It was drawing towards sunset—a glorious sunset. The whole of the sky died in crimson and gold, the very veldt reflected the crimson, so that it looked as if it were bathed in blood. Bluebell shuddered as she thought that very soon it might be.

A kopje was before them, one of those little hills rising steeply from the one side, sloping from the other, so common on the Natal veldt. Suddenly, as Bluebell looked towards it, a figure on horseback emerged from behind it, and came riding straight towards them.

Bluebell felt a thrill of annoyance and aversion run through her, for she recognized the rider at once. It was the millionaire, Gerald Moore.

CHAPTER III.

He rode forward and lifted his hat, putting his horse in Bluebell's way so that she could not pass. Bluebell fancied his face was paler than usual; but his deep, slowly-moving eyes did not move from her face.

"Your father has sent me to meet you, Miss Leslie," he said in his rich, deep tone. "We have heard that the Boer army has crossed into Natal, and is marching straight on Ladysmith. It is not safe for you to be alone on the veldt."

"I am not alone, thank you, Mr. Moore," said the girl, a touch of defiance in her tones. "Doctor Rothes"—she turned towards Adair—"has kindly been seeing me home. He had heard the news you refer to."

She was struck by the look on Gerald Moore's face as he turned to Rothes. There was an almost diabolical expression upon it; but it passed away so quickly that she could not have availed to it.

"I presume that Dr. Rothes will not object to handing you over to my charge now that you are within three miles of New Kelo?" he said. It seemed to Bluebell there was an undercurrent of either menace or defiance in his voice.

She glanced into Rothes's face. He sat very stiff and very erect on his horse, his face turned towards the other man. Bluebell had never—not even that night of the Maritzburg ball—seen so stern and cold a look upon his face as that which froze it at this moment.

The expression startled her still more now. Was it possible these two men knew each other?

"I leave the matter entirely in Miss Leslie's hands," he said gravely. "If she thinks I have come far enough, I am quite prepared to return to Ladysmith."

Moore looked at Bluebell.

"You had better come with me, Miss Leslie, and allow Dr. Rothes to return home," he said; then added in a lower tone: "Your father is not quite himself today. Perhaps you would not care to have a stranger at New Kelo under the circumstances."

Not quite himself! That decided Bluebell. Not for worlds would she have Adair Rothes, whose good opinion she felt so strangely reluctant to lose, see her own father in a half-intoxicated condition, and that was

evidently what Moore's words implied.

Adam Leslie had always been a little apt to exceed, but it was only of late—within the last six months—that his daughter had noticed it. And it seemed to her, since the coming of Gerald Moore that her father had yielded still more to his unfortunate weakness.

"Perhaps you had better not come any further, Doctor Rothes," she said, in a low voice. "If Mr. Moore is going to New Kelo, of course he may as well ride with me; but I would just as soon go by myself. I am not a bit afraid."

Rothes took off his hat and held out his hand. For one minute, only one, their horses were close together, and Moore's was so far apart as to render him out of earshot at least of a whisper.

"Good-by," said Rothes, hurriedly and a little hoarsely. "I don't know when I may see you again. God only knows I pray that He may guard and keep you from danger!" He bent a little nearer, and added in a whisper: "As you value your safety and happiness, beware of that man. I entreat of you to do so. He is a dangerous man. I cannot say more. Good-by—good-by."

The clasp of his fingers on her hand was to remain there for many days. He rode off, raising his hat, and a strange sense of desolation and loneliness fell upon Bluebell.

She turned Rover's head and rode on, not glancing at Moore. Adair's words still rang in her ears.

"So that is Doctor Rothes!" said Moore, giving his horse a little cut of the whip that sent him springing on beside Bluebell.

"Yes," she said, looking straight into his face. "Do you know him?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting him once in Maritzburg," said the millionaire dryly; "but, Miss Leslie, I wish to talk of something else just now. Your father has given me leave to do so. What do you think has kept me all this time lingering about this district?"

Bluebell shook her ruddy brown head. A feeling of vague discomfort and uneasiness shot through her at the question; but not in her wildest guesses could she have arrived within a mile of the truth.

Gerald Moore went on slowly: "The country will soon be in a ferment; existence in it will be dangerous, unsafe. For men this does not matter so much; for women, especially those—"

he paused and added impressively—"whom we love, it is terrible not to be thought of. Your father wishes you to go out of the country while yet there is time."

(To be continued.)

CITY OF HONG KONG.

It is One of the Most Unhealthful Spots on the Globe.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken, the perfect sanitation of the city, the fine natural drainage, the cleanliness of the streets, Hong Kong, says the Boston Transcript, is one of the most unhealthful spots on the globe. With its tropical heat, the lofty peaks that half encircle it catch the clouds that the rapid evaporation create, the floods of rain pouring down in streaming torrents. The houses lack light, although they are built as well as they could be, with perforated ceilings, through which the air circulates, admitted from openings pierced in the outer walls; the floors are brilliantly waxed, carpets, owing to the great dampness being dispensed with. The great difficulty is to secure light and proper ventilation; the streets are very narrow, and the towering walls of buildings opposite obstruct the light in front, while at the rear the courts or terraces crowded with foliage cast a heavy shade from that direction. In the gardens, while plants flourish luxuriantly, there is no grass, but the ground is green with moss, just as it grows in damp, shady places in cooler climates. The heat and the great humidity are destructive to health, and it is doubtful if there is a single normal liver in the whole of Hong Kong. English women who come out with complexions of cream and roses grow thin and sallow; the Hong Kong complexion is a startling grayish green, and the old resident has, with his pallor, dark bluish circles under the eyes. The least exertion includes exhausting perspiration, and people become gaunt and thin.

Crustacean on Eye.

Be careful when you handle a fish that you don't put your unclean fingers to your eye. A London fish dealer was reckless in this regard and as a result he planted a parasitic crustacean on the corner of his eye. He noticed an irritation of the left eye, and as it became troublesome to see he went to a doctor and was treated. Some one told him that he had an ulcer on the eye, but that information conveyed nothing to him, as he had no recollection of having got anything in his eye. Then he went to an eye hospital and there Dr. Batten found a growth on the corner, or the outer coat of the eyeball, but beyond this he was unable to make any diagnosis at the time. His description of what he saw introduced into medical nomenclature the Boer word "kopje," for Dr. Batten says: "At the upper margin of the cornea there was a small, clear vesicle; its central portion was slightly prominent, forming a low, round-topped 'kopje' surrounded by a shallow trench." The doctor didn't know exactly what to do, but something had to be done, and he decided to scrape the cornea. When he did so the whole mass lifted off and the patient had no further trouble. Then the thing was sent to a specialist, who pronounced it a parasitic crustacean, which is common on turbot and cod. He was inclined to think it was dead when removed, as he believed it doubtful if a marine crustacean really could live on a human eye.—New York Press.

London Papers Use Motor Carriages.

An interesting use of the motor carriage is in delivering newspapers in long, straggling country districts, where it has proved invaluable. Two of the London journals have tried the plan with great success.

Chicago's Automobile Fire Wagon.

Chicago now has an automobile fire wagon. Chemical tanks, hose, etc., are carried in the new wagon, and there are seats along the side for the firemen. The vehicle is run by electricity and makes 10 miles an hour.

Fight for Eight-Hour Day.

By assessments and donations the trades unions of San Francisco have raised nearly \$80,000 to maintain the striking planing-mill men in their contest for the eight-hour day in California.

Engineers Make a Discovery.

It has been discovered that Monongahela river is ruinous to boilers, having sixteen grains of sulphuric acid to one gallon—a disastrous ratio, according to experts. This proportion does not obtain except in seasons of drought, but even when the dilution is greater the water is not what it should be for steam-making.

The overthrow of Marquis Itô's cabinet is threatened.

Already Viscount Katsura, minister for war, has resigned in consequence of a scandal.

Saloons in Germany.

Moralists say that the number of saloons is a gauge for the morals of a city, but in Bremen the number of saloons or restaurants is frequently influenced by the influx of tourists who visit a place regularly, or by similar circumstances. Thus Mayence has one saloon restaurant for every 92 inhabitants, Berlin one for every 135 residents, Hanover one for every 245 persons, Magdeburg one for every 228 inhabitants, Brunswick one for every 257 persons. Essen, in the manufacturing district of Westphalia, offers little attraction to tourists; hence there is only one saloon restaurant to every 457 inhabitants, but it does not appear that the people at Essen are any better than those at Mayence.—Wolfgang Voigt in Chicago Record.

McCLURE'S Magazine for December

will contain an intimate account of the fall of Richmond and the flight of the Confederate cabinet, at the close of the Civil war. This article is from the pen of Stephen E. Mallory, who, as secretary of the navy in the Confederate administration, shared in the stress of those last days. The narrative gives a picture strong and true of the closing scene in the South's tragedy.

Miss Mary Johnston, whose Atlantic serial, "To Have and To Hold,"

achieved such instant and phenomenal success, has written for the Atlantic another historical romance, with the alluring title of Audrey.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

There is reason to believe that General MacArthur contemplates devoting his principal attention to the northern part of Luzon.

Aguinaldo is believed to be in the mountains of Benguet.

MARRIAGE PAPER.

Best Published—FREE. J. W. GUNNELL, Toledo, Ohio.

Colonel Charles Caughey, a prominent member of the G. A. R. and marine editor of the Toledo (O.) Blade for thirty-six years, is dead.

Pink's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.

W. O. ENDREY, Vancouver, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

John G. Carter, formerly of Boston, the inventor of a process for making a substitute for rubber from cottonseed oil, is dead in Savannah, Ga., after a brief illness.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BLOOD PURIFIER TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on the box. 25c.

A dispatch from Peking says that the situation in south China is improved.

that the rebels have been conquered and that the rebellion is nearly extinct.

Carter's Ink

Is used by millions, which is a sure proof of its quality. Send for free booklet, "Callings." Address Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

During the coming campaign in the Philippines no mercy is to be extended to those in active rebellion or who give aid and comfort to the insurgents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottle.

The thirty-five members of the Porto Rican house of delegates are all Republicans.

In fact, the entire legislative assembly is now of one party.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and it is only by curing it you make taken internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Buy at druggists, price 50c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Portland, Me., has been selected by the National Grange, patrons of husbandry, for holding the next annual convention.

Six Million Dollars Spent by the Union Pacific Railroad Company

In improving what was originally the finest track in the west.

Result! A comparatively straight and level road bed, ballasted with dustless Sherman granite, rendering possible the highest rate of speed, together with the greatest degree of safety. The magnitude of the work must be seen to be appreciated.

What does it mean? Solid comfort, security and pleasure to our patrons.

Are you going East? If so you cannot afford to go via any other than this Royal highway. Further information on application personally or by letter to F. B. Choate, General Agent, Salt Lake City.

Tiffany Strikers Represented.

A number of Tiffany & Co.'s highly paid copperplate printers and engravers who were on a strike applied recently at the Union Square store of the firm for reinstatement, saying that they were sorry that they had struck. They were told that the matter would be taken under consideration; that the firm would not discharge any of the new men taken on who had proved competent. The agitators who caused the strike will not be taken back. Some of the strikers made as high as \$100 a week, and none of them received less than \$50.

An Ancient Industry.

In the archaic vase room at the British museum anyone can gaze upon babies' feeding bottles of sun-baked clay which were antique when Joseph went into Egypt. The museum authorities' catalogue is now completed, after twenty years' labor, and has cost \$200,000. It consists of 400 volumes and 70 supplements.

When a woman is out calling on people that she thinks are fashionable,

it always makes her mad to hear her husband talk about "veal pot-rie."

Cheap Hates East.

The special excursion rates now being quoted apply via the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. "The Scenic Route of the World." Two lines of railway between Grand Junction and Denver. Passengers have their choice at no additional cost. Four daily fast express trains. New and elegant dining cars. Pullman and ordinary sleeping cars through to Chicago without change.

Do not miss the grand scenery on the Denver & Rio Grande. Ask your agent for particulars and tickets via the D. & R. G. R. R.

Twelve new sugar refineries will be opened in Russia next season.

Will Telephone Around the World Without Wires.

Wireless telephone and telegraph circuits will span the world in the next hundred years. A husband in the middle of the Atlantic will be able to converse with his wife while she is sitting in her boudoir in Chicago. We will be able to telephone to China, quite as readily as we now talk from New York to Brooklyn. By an automatic signal they will connect with any circuit in their locality without the intervention of a "hello girl."—December Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheap Hates East.

The special excursion rates now being quoted apply via the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. "The Scenic Route of the World." Two lines of railway between Grand Junction and Denver. Passengers have their choice at no additional cost. Four daily fast express trains. New and elegant dining cars. Pullman and ordinary sleeping cars through to Chicago without change.

Do not miss the grand scenery on the Denver & Rio Grande. Ask your agent for particulars and tickets via the D. & R. G. R. R.

Twelve new sugar refineries will be opened in Russia next season.

"Oh! Dear I'm so Tired."

The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung! One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the imps of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back. No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of many troubles. She must remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and inflammation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism.

Mrs. Gooden wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter tells the result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled